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DENTISTS,
TROY, MISSOURI,
ATTEND to all kinds of DENTAL WORK,
and guarantee perfect satisfaction.
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GOODRICH & BIRKHEAD,
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DR. BIRKHEAD will be in the office all the
time. Dr. GOODRICH will only be here
from time to time, due notice of which will be
given. Gas for the PAINLESS extraction of
teeth administered at all times by Dr. Birkhead.
August 31, 1871.—v6n26y1

WM. FRAZIER,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate
Agent.
TROY, MISSOURI.

WILL attend promptly to all business in-
trusted to me in the Ninth Judicial
Circuit. Special attention given to collections.
Funds collected for clients will be promptly paid
over.

A large number of valuable farms for sale at
low prices. See advertisement of same in this
paper.
Office in Blue building opposite the court
house, next door to Herald office. n14v7

CHAS. MARTIN, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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WILL practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial District. Special attention given
to the collection of debts. v6n39

B. W. WHEELER,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
NEW HOPE, MO.

WILL attend to any professional business in
the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Pike and
Montgomery counties.
sept71n3dyl

T. J. J. WEBB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Troy, Missouri,

WILL promptly attend to legal business.
Special attention given to Collecting.
200 Office with J. B. Allen, in the old P. O.
building. v6n29y1

R. C. MAGRUDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAP-AUGRIS, MISSOURI,
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District. v6n5

WALTON & CREECH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL
ESTATE AGENTS,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and the Supreme Court of
the State. All business entrusted to their care will be
promptly attended to.
Office over Dr. S. T. East's Drug store. Office
hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. v6n62

J. R. GAFF. G. W. COLBERT
GAFF & COLBERT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Troy, Missouri.

Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and
St. Charles, and in the District and
Supreme Courts. v6n1y1

HENRY QUIGLEY. J. EUGENE BONFILS.
QUIGLEY & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.,

WILL practice in the various Courts of the
Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren,
Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been en-
gaged for two years past in making an abstract
of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they
have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short
notice a complete abstract of title of all the
lands in said county.
July 28, 1870.

**SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PRIZE MED-
ALS AWARDED.**

THE GREAT

Baltimore Piano
Manufactory.
WM. KNABE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANO FORTES,
Baltimore, Md.

These instruments have been before the Public
for nearly Thirty Years, and upon their excel-
lence alone attained an unsurpassed pre-eminence,
which pronounces them unequalled in
TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP
AND DURABILITY.

All our Square Pianos have our New Im-
proved OVERSTRUNG SCALE and Agraffe Treble.
We would call special attention to our late
Patented Improvements in GRAND PIANOS and
SQUARE GRANDS, found in no other
Piano, which bring the Piano nearer Perfection
than has yet been attained.
Every Piano Fully Warranted for Five
Years.

Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists promptly
furnished on application to
WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore, Md.
Or any of our regular established agencies.
n6n45nd.

TO TEACHERS.
NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned,
Superintendent of public schools of Lincoln
county, Mo., will, in accordance with the school
law of the State, hold public examination of
teachers, on the 1st Saturday of every month, at
the court house in Troy, and on those days only.
Teachers will please bear this in mind.
W. S. FENNINGTON, Sup't Public Schools,
Lincoln county, Mo.
July 28, 1870.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons inter-
ested, that the copartnership heretofore exist-
ing between the undersigned in this day mutu-
ally dissolved, and William Frazier is author-
ized to collect all debts due the firm.
A. V. McKEE.
Troy, Mo., April 1, 1871. WILLIAM FRAZIER.

THE PROMISED KISS.
BY LETTICE THORPE.

"O, I have lost my brooch!" exclaimed
Minnie Harris, a very pretty girl of nine-
teen or twenty years. "I would rather
have lost anything else in the world."

"Not excepting your heart?" inquired a
gentleman standing near her.

"No, not even that; for, in such case,
I should be sure of finding an equivalent,
you know," she replied, with a saucy
glance.

"Well, now, Miss Harris, what will
you give me if I agree to find the miss-
ing ornament?"

"A kiss," she said, laughingly; "I can
not think of any richer recompense to
bestow upon you."

"I will find that brooch, then, if I have
to search on my knees from one end of
Brantford to the other."

"Well, sir, when you bring my precious
pin you shall receive the promised re-
ward."

"Better put it down in writing, Mr.
Markham," suggested another young lady
present, "or Minnie will manage to slip
out of the bargain some way or other."

"I have perfect confidence in Miss
Harris," he replied, with a very low bow,
as he left the room.

"He will never find it!" exclaimed
Minnie. "I lost it coming along the
turnpike road, which, you know, is al-
ways dusty."

"He will find it," rejoined her com-
panion. "I never knew Henry Markham
to give up anything that he had
once undertaken, and he will bring it to
you just as sure as your name is Minnie
Harris, and then, young lady, you will
have to kiss him. Oh! before I would
offer to kiss a gentleman I would lose all
the brooches in the world."

"I shall not kiss him, Miss Percy; so
you may spare all your injurious insinua-
tions."

"Not kiss him? Why it was a regu-
lar bargain?"

"I shall fulfil my bargain to the letter,
but I shall not kiss him or any other
man."

"You do not know Henry Markham if
you imagine any subterfuges will go down
with him. He is not of the spooney kind,
I can tell you."

"Spooney or not spooney, I shall not
kiss him, you may be very sure of that!"

The next day Minnie was summoned to
the parlor to see the same gentleman,
and, accompanied by her young lady
friend, she obeyed the summons.

"Here," said he, "Miss Harris, is the
brooch, and now I claim my promised
reward!"

"Certainly," she replied, with a saucy,
defiant look coming into her face, "you
shall have it, but—" waving him back as
he was approaching her—"I did not say
when the reward would be given. There
was no particular time mentioned, you
know. O, I am over and ever so much
obliged to you for finding this dear little
pin again," and she pressed it in the
most aggravating way to her pointing
lips.

"Miss Harris," he asked, very gravely,
"do you really mean to say that it is not
your intention to ratify your part of the
agreement?"

"Certainly not," she replied, drawing
down her face with an air of solemnity
that made him laugh in spite of his
anxiety, "I said nothing of the kind.
I always ratify my agreements, and there-
fore shall do so in this case. I promised
to give you a kiss, but did not say when."

"I told you, Mr. Markham," inter-
rupted Minnie's friend, Miss Percy, "that
you had better draw up an agreement in
writing, but you would not take my ad-
vice."

"I had such an unlimited faith in Miss
Harris' word, you know," he said, giving
her a reproving glance.

"Well, I have not broken my promise
yet, have I?" she asked, putting her
red lips so temptingly that the gentleman
felt strongly inclined to take his reward,
whether or no. But he did not like to
offend the capricious beauty, so he turned
the conversation and said nothing more
about the promised kiss. They did not
meet again for several days, and then it
was at an evening party, where, bending
toward her, he whispered softly—"are
you ready now to give me my reward?"

"Not here in this crowded room, I hope.
You certainly would not think of such a
thing."

"O, no," he said, "we can step out on
the balcony there."

"But it is so cold," she objected, pro-
tending to shiver, "and there is Mr. Dal-
ton coming to claim me for the waltz. I
promised him; and making a mocking
reverence, she danced away."

This happened again and again. Every
time they met he asked the same ques-
tion, and received some mocking reply,
until his patience was fast becoming ex-
hausted. But it kept them thinking con-
stantly of each other, and when that is
the case with two young persons, both
unusually attractive, the result may be
readily anticipated. Finally, he called
to see her one evening, and being in-
formed of his presence in the drawing-
room, she went to receive him with a
bright flush on her cheeks, and so her
hand a plate containing a pretty, tempt-
ing specimen of sugar confectionery.

"There is your kiss, Mr. Markham,"
she said, feeling a little frightened as she
met the glance of his great, dark eyes.
But he rose very politely from his chair,
and accepting the confectionery with a
gracious bow, ate it without a word of
recompense. They talked very pleas-
antly all the evening, and Minnie la-
mentably congratulated herself upon having
managed the affair very ingeniously, when,
just as he was about to leave, he threw his

arm around her, saying: "Now, Miss
Harris, I shall help myself to the reward
so repeatedly promised me. I waited
long and patiently to receive the recom-
pense voluntarily offered me. My pa-
tience is exhausted now, and I am going
to take what you are bound in honor to
give."

"But, Mr. Markham," she exclaimed,
impetuously, "I promised you a kiss, and
I have given it to you. I did not tell
you what kind it would be, nor did you
ask me, and I shall think you very un-
generous if you do as you said."

"Minnie!" he cried, and without another
word stooped and pressed his lips to hers.

With a quick, angry sob, she broke
away from him and ran up the stairs.

"The mean, hateful fellow!" she ex-
claimed, as she threw herself into a chair.
"I never will speak to him again—never!
I will go and make cousin Sue a visit,
where I shall not see or hear anything
about him!" And the next morning
when she announced her intention of
going away, it excited no surprise, as she
was in the habit of making her cousin
frequent and lengthy visits.

And when Mr. Markham heard that
she was gone, he looked a good deal an-
noyed and disappointed. "She is really
offended, then," he thought, "the provok-
ing little beauty! How shall I ever
pacify her for taking the liberty I did!"

And he revolved a dozen schemes in his
head that he cast aside, one after the
other. Finally he concluded to write and
ask her forgiveness, and when Minnie re-
ceived the letter, she blushed and looked
so conscious, that her cousin's suspicions
were aroused at once. "An interesting
letter, I should judge," she said smiling
significantly.

"Nothing of very great importance, I
assure you," replied Minnie, with a face
that belied her words.

"Important enough, however to call to
up your brightest roses. I would give a
good deal to know who that letter is
from."

"But I am not going to tell you,"
and she put the letter in her pocket, to
read again and again, the first time she
found herself alone. She did not answer
it, however, thinking that a little painful
suspense would be a proper punishment
for the bold offender, but did not go home
for six weeks, although in this remain-
ing she punished herself quite as severely
as she did the gentleman, which is gen-
erally the case when one person tries
very hard to spitefully annoy another.

And when she did go home she was com-
pletely dismayed to hear that Mr. Mark-
ham had, in his turn, gone away to be
absent six months. It seemed like a cen-
tury to look forward to, and, in the mean-
time, Miss Percy came to make her a
second visit. "What was it sent Mr.
Markham to Europe?" she asked, one
day.

"Business, I suppose," was the laconic
reply.

"How did that affair of yours end,
Minnie? Did you give him the kiss?"

"Yes—a sugar one."

"I knew you would get out of it in
some such way. Was he satisfied?"

"I don't know how he could well help
himself," replied Minnie, coloring des-
perately.

"He kissed you, didn't he? There, he
did; I know he did, so you needn't deny
it."

"Well, yes, he did—the abominable
wretch! I and I detest him, and never want
to see him again."

"He would have been tame enough if
he hadn't done it. I told you he was
not a man to be trifled with."

"He wrote me a very apologetic letter.
I have never answered it, however."

"Well, then, I think that you are very
unkind. Mr. Markham did just what
you had every reason to suppose he would
do, and you ought to have accepted his
apology. There are not many men like
him, Minnie, and I hope that you have
not driven him away from you."

"Driven him away, Sophie! He has
never given me a chance to drive him
away. I do not know that he even cares
for me. He never said so."

A few days after this, Minnie received
a small package with a foreign postmark,
and upon opening it found an exquisitely
colored picture of a Camelia Japonica—
that was all.

"From Henry Markham!" exclaimed
Miss Percy. "It is just like him. Now,
what is the language of the Camelia?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied
Minnie. "I never cared for flowers, ex-
cepting to look at, and smell of. I do
not know a stamen from a pistil."

"Well, it must mean something pain-
fully tender and sentimental, of course.
Where is your Floral Dictionary?"

"There is not such a thing in house!"

"No Floral Dictionary! What bar-
barism! I wouldn't have believed it
possible. Minnie Harris, aged twenty,
with lovers whose name is legion, and no
dictionary to interpret the sentiment of
the many floral offerings laid at her feet.
How in this world have you existed so
long without one?"

"Because I never cared enough for any
of those lovers you speak of to inquire
into the meaning of their floral offerings.
But now let's put on our hat's right off,
and go to a store and buy the book you
consider so necessary to my salvation and
happiness."

So, with all the eagerness of young
girls generally, upon such occasions,
they were soon equipped and on their
way to the store where they obtained the
volume so much desired, and then started
immediately homeward again. Now wait-
ing to remove their hats, they looked
through the book, and soon found what
they were searching for. "Camelia Japo-
nica—its destiny is in your hands."

"Now, Minnie, what do you say to that
arm around her, saying: 'Now, Miss
Harris, I shall help myself to the reward
so repeatedly promised me. I waited
long and patiently to receive the recom-
pense voluntarily offered me. My pa-
tience is exhausted now, and I am going
to take what you are bound in honor to
give.'"

for a delicate declaration? Now, go and
hang that picture right up in your room,
where it will gladden your eyes when you
first open them in the morning"—which
suggestion the young lady obeyed con-
scientiously.

The six months were nearly over, and
one evening Minnie was having a very
merry time, eating apples, naming the
seeds, throwing the peels to see what very
amiable letters they would form, and go-
ing through all the similar nonsense that
often affords so much amusement to the
light hearted. Following the example of
the others, Minnie tossed the peel of the
apple she was eating over her shoulder on
to the floor.

"What is it?" asked Miss Percy, with a
very demure face. "It seems to me more
like an M than anything else."

"Why, so it is," repeated several other
voices, with all the beautiful credulity of
youth. "M—whose name begins with M?"

"Monkey!" cried Minnie, quickly, only
intent upon turning the conversation.
"One of Darwin's brethren, probably."

This started a learned dissertation upon
that subject, which was just what the
young girl wanted to accomplish. Hav-
ing settled this more satisfactorily to them-
selves, probably, than it would be to Dar-
win, they returned to their frolics, and a
raid was made amongst the spring vegeta-
bles for a pod with nine peas in it. Minnie
was the lucky finder, and returning
to the parlor she placed it over the
door. A few moments afterward there
was a bustle and excitement in the next
room, followed by the entrance of Henry
Markham, right under the significant
vegetable that foretold his fate. They
were all so surprised and pleased to see
him that the circumstance passed un-
noticed for awhile, but suddenly a bright,
merry girl exclaimed, "O Mr. Markham,
ain't you glad! you are going to be
Minnie's husband. You were the first
to enter that door."

Poor Minnie's face was a sight to be
hold. If there had been any chance to
escape she would have seized it; but no,
there she had to stand with the eyes of
all directed toward her. Flitting her
confusion, Henry approached so as to
shield her from the gaze of the other, and
held out his hand. Mechanically she
placed her own within it, but as soon as
she could she slipped out of the room,
and procuring an escort went home.

"What did you run away for?" in-
quired Miss Percy, about an hour after-
ward, as she entered Minnie's room.

"Because I never felt so silly in my
life. Did any one notice it?"

"Any one, I suppose means Henry
Markham. Yes, he did notice it, and
looked as if the world had suddenly be-
come a desert in consequence. So, as he
could not have your society, he took up
with mine. I felt immensely flattered.
He wishes to know if you will allow him,
now, to apologize in person. And I took
the liberty of asking him to call to mor-
row night. Are you mad?"

"Mad! No; I do not know as I am.
Did he say he would come?"

"Yes, he did, and if you want to look
your prettiest you had better go right to
sleep, and not stare at that Camelia any
more. Good night, and pleasant dreams
of—you know who."

The next evening Minnie did look her
prettiest, but she received her visitor with
a diffidence quite unusual to her, and
which only made her more interesting.

"Now, Mr. Markham!" exclaimed the
mischievous Sophie, "go down on your
knees at once and beg Minnie's pardon
for your outrageous offense." Obeying
the laughing mandate, he knelt before
the young girl, and with a glance that
set her heart beating very fast begged
for pardon. Smiling and blushing she
held out her hand, which he was on the
point of pressing fondly to his lips, but
fortunately, recollecting himself in time,
he turned to Miss Percy's amusement, he re-
leased the pretty hand and sprang to his
feet again.

"Well, Mr. Markham, where did you
leave your heart?" inquired Sophie.

"In France, Spain, or Italy?"

"I did not take it with me, Miss
Percy," he replied, with a quick glance
at Minnie, who tried very hard to look
perfectly unconscious. He and Sophie
did the most of the talking that evening,
although Minnie must have been an ex-
tremely fascinating listener, for he went
away more desperately in love than be-
fore, and determined to have his fate de-
cided, whether for weal or woe.

He had agreed to call the next day to
show them some views he had collected
during his travels, and Sophie wisely de-
termined to be out of the way when he
called. She managed this very adroitly,
so that Minnie had to receive the gentle-
man alone, which circumstance seemed
anything but satisfactory to him. He
seated himself beside her on a luxurious
lounge, and they examined the pictures
together, but they were in such a dazed
state that if Henry had shown his com-
panion the dignified Coliseum and holy
St. Peter's, both engaged in an animated
jig, she would not have noticed the in-
decorum of such a proceeding. Finally,
he placed the picture of a very beautiful
girl before her, saying: "I prize that
more than all the rest." Even in her
bewilderment, Minnie could not help but
notice a strong resemblance to herself,
and, of course, it did not do much toward
quieting her agitation.

"Do you know why I prize it?"

"You have not told me yet, you know,"
she stammered.

"But can you guess?" And again his
arm stole around her waist, but this time
she made no resistance, and before he
went away he received the long promised,
long deferred reward. And Sophie said
as before—"I told you so!"—St. Louis
Ladies Magazine.

A Poison And Its Antidote.

The traveler Loudon gives the follow-
ing interesting account of the famous
poisonous valley in the island of Java.
"We took with us some dogs and fowls
to try experiments in this poisonous hol-
low. * * * When within a few yards
of the valley we experienced a strong
nauseous smell, but coming close to its
edge this disagreeable odor left us. The
valley appeared to be about half a mile
in circumference, oval, and the depth
from thirty to thirty-five feet; the bot-
tom quite flat; no vegetation; and the
whole covered with the skeletons of hu-
man beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks,
and all sorts of birds. * * *

We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo,
eighteen feet long, and sent him in—we
had our watches in our hands, and in
fourteen seconds he fell on his back, did
not move his limbs or look around, but
continued to breathe eighteen minutes.
We then sent in another, or rather he
got loose and walked in to where the
other dog was lying. He then stood
quite still, and in ten minutes fell on his
face and never afterward moved his
limbs. He continued to breathe seven
minutes. We now tried a fowl which
died in a minute and a half. We threw
in another, which died before touching
the ground. * * * On the opposite side
[of the valley], near a large stone, was
the skeleton of a human being, who
must have perished on his back, with
his right hand under his head. From
being exposed to the weather, the bones
were bleached as white as ivory. I was
anxious to procure this skeleton, but any
attempt to get it would have been mad-
ness."

The old legend in regard to this valley
was that a poisonous tree grew here named
the Upas, and if any one approached it,
the result was sure death. Subsequent
investigation, however, proved the in-
correctness of the legend in regard to
the tree, but not, as it seems, in regard
to the deadliness of the place. Nor was
this latter exaggerated; but its cause ex-
amination proved to be merely the over-
loading of the air with carbonic acid gas.

The origin of the gas has not been so
clearly ascertained, but has been sup-
posed to be from some vent in the earth
supplying the gas faster than it can be
dissipated in the air, though the traveler
just quoted says, "we could not perceive
any vapor, or any opening in the ground."

Nevertheless this gas is known to be an
abundant product of volcanic action, and
from some such interior source it may be
conveyed to this spot faster than it is
conveyed away.

But why are there not many such
poisonous valleys in the world? The
number of volcanic vents is great, and
they are continually sending forth this
same deadly product. Yet farther, so
far as this material is concerned, every
fire is a volcano continually emitting
this gas as its chief product; and the
amount of the whole may be judged by
the fact that any average sized blast-
furnace will send forth at least two tons
every hour. Still farther, every pair of
lungs is a little furnace adding no inco-
siderable quota; for the breathing of a
population like that in New York will
produce no less than four thousand tons
every day; and, the world over, animal
lungs produce fully twice as much as the
human. Still further, the various proce-
sses of fermentation and decay are pour-
ing into the air four times as much of
this gas as the human lungs produce.

Altogether, the best computation makes
the daily production of carbonic acid
gas from these latter sources no less than
eleven thousand million pounds; and
this in addition to what may be produced
from any sources within the earth.
Surely, in view of such numbers we
might ask, why should not the whole
surface of the earth be made at length a
Upas valley? Such indeed it would
have become, not within the period since
man's creation, but since the earth's first
creation, had it not been for a wonderful
provision which has been made for the
consumption of this gas as fast as pro-
duced. A poison to all animal life it is
the indispensable food of all vegetable
life. However much therefore, the
former may send forth into the atmos-
phere, the latter is ready to absorb it all.

We are amazed at the immense sum
which represents the whole amount pro-
duced, but we are no less surprised at
some of the figures which tell of the
amount required to sustain all the plants
which are growing upon the earth. These
all are provided with little mouths, scat-
tered thickly over their leaves, which
suck in the carbonic acid from the air,
and, under the influence of the sun-light,
resolve it again into its elements, retain-
ing the carbon to build up the plant, but
sending out the oxygen to be breathed
over by man or animal, or to sustain a
flame, which will freight it again with
carbon for still another use of the plant.

And thus the endless interchange goes
on. The respiration of man is kept up
by this distillation of the plant, and the
plant is sustained by the waste from the
system of the animal; or else by the
destruction of some other plant.

The number of these little hungry
mouths, which the vegetable world opens
to take up man's poison, but its food, is
perhaps the most wonderful thing in all
this story of beneficent wonders. "A
single common lilac-tree has a million
leaves, and about four hundred thousand
millions of pores or mouths at work,
sucking in carbonic acid; while on a
single oak tree as many as seven millions
leaves have been counted." With such a
consumption even the immense produc-
tion does not seem too great. The two
are exactly balanced. The air remains
pure: the plants are all fed.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (10 lines) or less, one insertion.....\$1.00
Each additional insertion..... 75
Administrators' Notices..... 3.00
Final Settlement Notices..... 3.00
Stray Notices (single stray)..... 3.00
Each additional stray in same notice..... 1.00
25% Liberal Deduction will be made to
yearly advertisers.

If Burns were living now, he would
tell the man that wants to see himself as
others see him, to run for office.

"Who's there?" cried a patrol to a
passing figure one dark night. "It's I,
patrol; don't be afraid," kindly replied
an old woman.

A couple of drunken vagabonds got
into the gutter, and after floundering some
time, one of them mumbled, "Let's go
to another house; this hotel leaks."

An Irish doctor advertises that all
persons afflicted with deafness may hear
of him at his house, where also blind per-
sons may see him daily from ten to
twelve o'clock.

BE IN TIME.—Bridget, I told you to
have my hot water the first thing in the
morning. "Sure, sir," replied Bridget,
"didn't I bring it up and have it at the
dure last night, so as to have it in time?"

Thompson is not going to do anything
more in conundrums. He recently asked
his wife the difference between his head
and a horse head, and she said there was
none. He says that is not the right
answer.

A little waif, met in one of Boston's
narrow thoroughfares the other morning,
when asked if